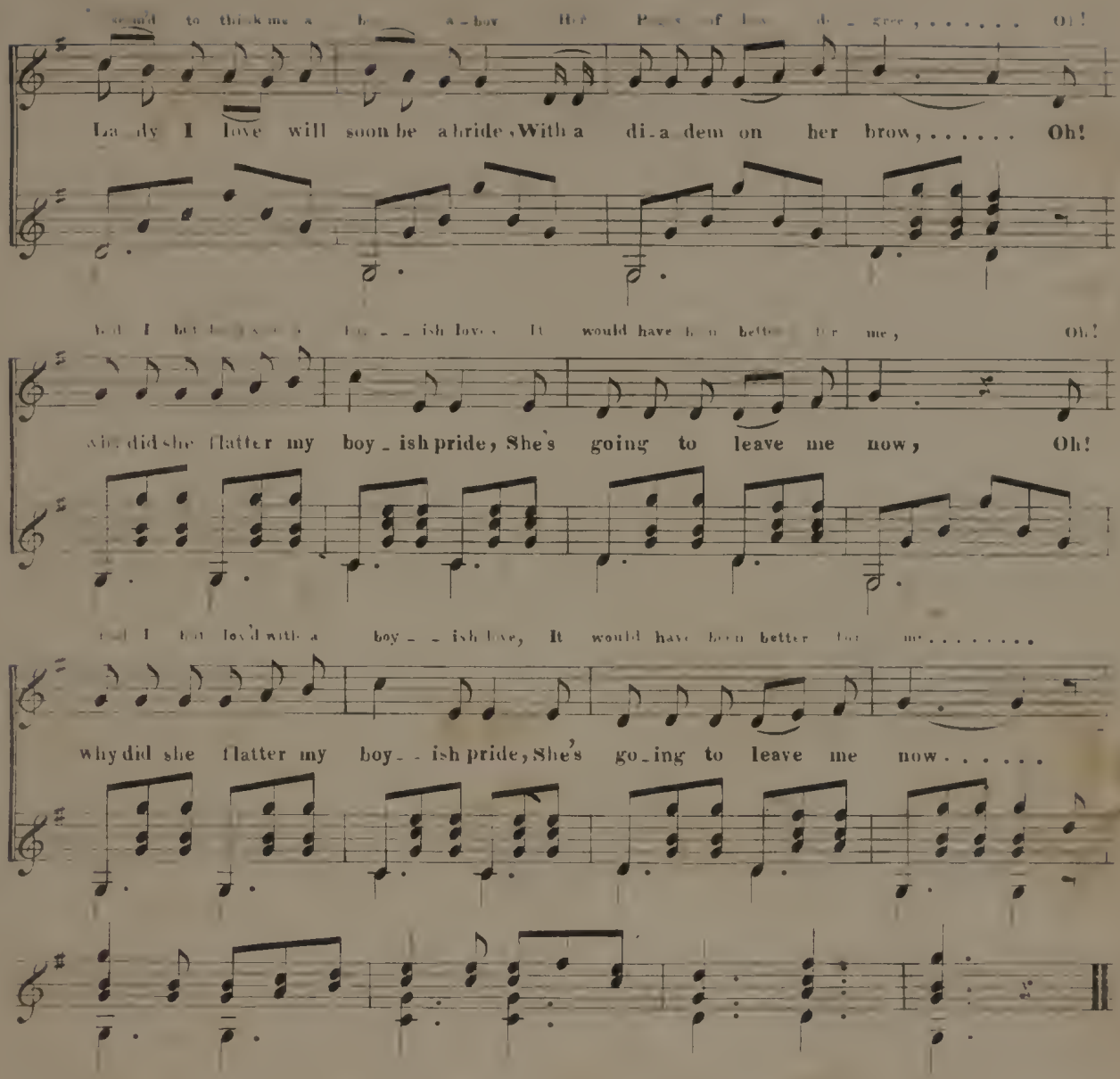


3

Then I'll hide in my breast ev'ry selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine;
When smiles awake the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them mine.
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festive train;
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

4

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twain
In my helmet's sable plume;
And then on the field of Palestine
I'll seek an early doom;
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my Lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

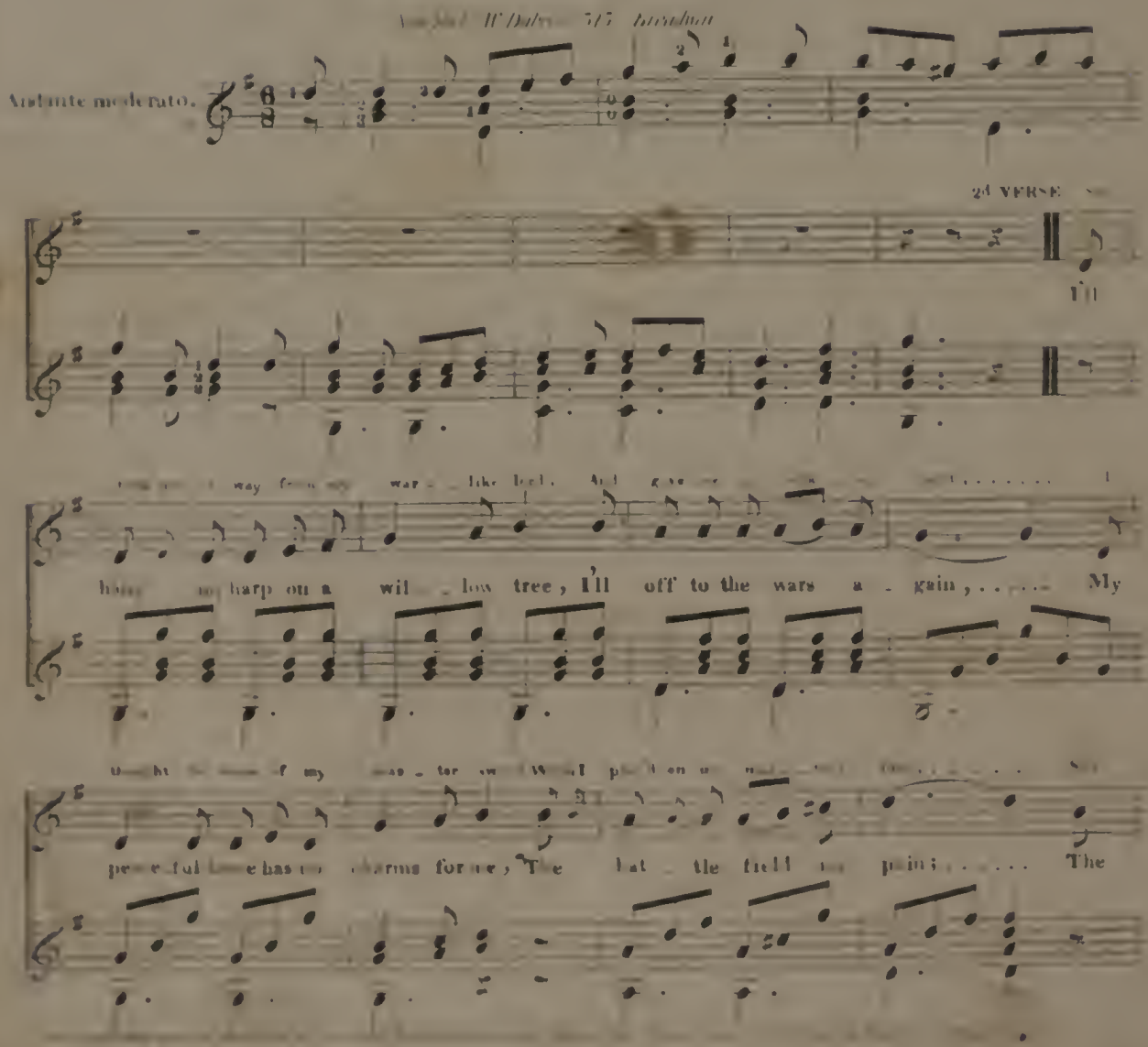
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON THE WILLOW TREE

ROMANCE

GUITAR,

BY

Ld MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.

New York W. Dubois 315 Broadway